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LUCINDA HUMPHREY HAY.

Brave, loyal Iowa, list to my call;
Build thee a monument graceful and tall;
Build to thy soldier dead. Over all drape
Memory's mantle with flowers and crape.
Thus mourn thy dead. Thus shall thy children know
Of the brave hearts stilled; of the heads lying low
Fallen in battle. There over all cast,
Reverently, sadly, the veil of the past.

But is that all? Is Iowa's marble shaft to tell only of those who fell in action and breathe no word of the thousands of silent fireside battles down deep in the hearts of mother, sister, wife?--battles where love and affection were trampled on by iron destiny, and waged close conflict with loyalty to country? It was up from such battles as these that women arose in answer to the agonizing cry for help from army hospitals. In memory of one of these this sketch is drawn.



LUCINDA HUMPHREY HAY was born near Columbus, in Delaware county, Ohio, September 8th, 1834. When a mere child her father moved to Iowa where she early learned to love her free wild home. She paid a tribute to it in the following lines from a little rhyme written by her when a young girl:

"Now a cottage is reared in the dark rural grove,
Where the Indian maid used to linger and rove;
And a sweet cradle hymn ascends on the breeze,
To be caught by the singing birds in the trees.
Now the fairer white maiden is won and wooed,
'Neath the tree where the blue bird is feeding her brood;
And on Iowa's plains where the wild deer roam
There is cherished another beautiful home."

Lucinda was quick to learn and was able at sixteen years of age, with only such instruction as she had had at our country school, to commence teaching. The small income she derived from that together with the still smaller sums paid her by newspapers and magazines for which she wrote, almost constantly, little poemſ, stories, &c., enabled her to give herself a little more schooling, first in Denmark Academy, and afterwards in Iowa College. While there she was the only girl in college. She suffered the jeers of men and the suspicious glances of women in consequence, but she who was destined to come in close range with powder and ball, was undaunted by such light artillery. She continued alternately teaching and going to school until the summer of 1861, when she went to Chicago to be with her brother who was taking a theological course there. She very soon gathered about her a little school and was engaged in her favorite occupation. About this time she found an acquaintance and fast friend in Mrs. Eliza C. Porter, wife of Rev. Jeremiah Porter, a Presbyterian minister of Chicago and chaplain of the Chicago Light Artillery. Through her influence and that of the Chicago Sanitary Commission she was induced to go south as a nurse. Her first work was in Savannah, Tenn., in an improvised hospital in a building formerly used as a Seminary. There for several months she labored among the sick and dying, walked unscathed through loathsome small-pox wards, and indeed never considered personal safety when able in any way to alleviate suffering. As an instance of this—one afternoon she had under her charge a number of very sick soldiers. She was at a loss what to do. She felt confident they needed nourishment different from that furnished in the hospital. She thought of her Iowa country home with its brimming pails of new milk. As if in answer to her thought and wish she saw beyond the lines a cow quietly grazing. It was the habit of her life to act quickly and upon impulse. With pail in hand she started forth as the hospital milk-maid. The guard tried to prevent her going, told her she would surely be killed

in the attempt. She answered: "*I must go. What is my life compared with the lives of Union Soldiers? The effort must be made.*" A guard was sent with her. The task was accomplished in safety. The new milk gave new life to the suffering soldier boys. But such scenes as this and such labor as this in which her heart ached constantly for the suffering which she could not lessen, wore on a constitution always delicate and her health gave way, so that rest was absolutely necessary. She gave up her work and came home for a short visit in August, 1862. Then returned to her school work in Chicago, fully determined not to go south again. Early in October however came a letter "To all at Home," dated at Greenwood Hospital, Memphis, Tenn. The letter ran as follows:

"Be not surprised. This is a world of change. Little did I dream of ever coming south again when I bid you good bye at home; but I was sent for by Mrs. Porter who is here in Memphis, and who has had more to do than any other woman in the west towards getting nurses for the hospitals. The Chicago Sanitary Commission seemed to think that no one else could fill my place, and I was advised to give up my work in Chicago and lend a helping hand in this line now while there was a call.

Mrs. Porter is a woman of talent, energy, and withal she has a great soul. She is greatly interested in the poor contrabands and she wished to confer with me in regard to some measures she had in view for their good. For this reason no one else could fill my place. She had a double object in view. I want you all to know that this is no romantic move of my own which is 'just like me,' but that I am walking in the path which seems marked out for me, and in it I hope to be the means of doing much good. Certainly it is a great field of labor and however trying it is now I know I shall never be sorry that I was one of the workers.

The building which I am now in is the Greenwood College. We have a large library locked up, eight pianos, and as many melodeons to which we have access. We have 200 patients, none very sick at present. In the Overton Hospital, to which I expect soon to be removed, there are 700 sick, some I understand are here from the Iowa 3rd. The college grounds here are contracted but very beautiful. Here we sit 'under our own vine and fig tree' while 'the last rose of summer' creeps in at our window to bloom under northern influences. Memphis is a beautiful city. The rich magnolia and the dark foliage of evergreens add to its beauty. Yesterday I spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Porter within the fortifications. The Iowa 6th is encamped here, but I did not get around to their quarters. Hundreds of contrabands are here, and hundreds more at Cairo, Ills. While waiting there for

a boat I visited their quarters, got about fifty of the children in a class and gave them an object lesson to the delight and wonder of the sable crowd that gathered round, many of them exclaiming: 'every inch a lady shore, she's cum from de funder end of de Norf.' There is much dissatisfaction among many of our soldiers in regard to Lincoln's proclamation and they have no way to express their feelings, but by heaping insult and injury upon these poor creatures who are toiling for our army, washing, digging, and cooking for us. Oh, who will care for them? The anthems of freedom must ring through our land ere the spirit of love and peace dawn upon us. A just and holy God reigneth, let us trust in Him. All will be well.

We came down on the boat *Eugene* which was fired into by the rebels at Randolph, and in return the town was burned by our soldiers. It seemed quite a venture to take this boat on its next trip; but two regiments went down before us to clear out the guerrillas, and we had on board a six pounder which was fired when we came to the place where Randolph had been only two days before. At Fulton, Arkansas, we went ashore with a Captain and Colonel, friends of Mrs. Porter. We had a romantic walk along the ravines and up the bluffs, found the houses all deserted, nothing left but cats, dogs, and negroes. The Captain went into one house, and as the rest of the company followed he met us at the door, greeted us as old friends from the North, took us around the house which was in the utmost confusion, with beds unmade, carpets half torn up, and many books and valuable articles scattered over the floor. He apologized for the appearance of things, assuring us that his 'niggers' had all run away and that his wife knew nothing about work. As we returned to the boat we were hailed by an old colored woman who said that her 'ole massa' and everybody else had run away, and that she owned the whole town.

Overton Hospital, October 9th. I came up here yesterday to visit the hospital and the matron a very dear friend of mine from Chicago. This morning by mistake I opened the door of the dead room, and was startled to find there three sleeping 'that last long sleep.' They had died in the night. I almost dread again to stand by the sick and dying, but in the strength of God I will try to do my duty."

It is easy to see in this letter the trend her mind was taking. It was the "contraband,"—"the poor contraband,"—and later on the "Freedmen,"—who were at that time flocking in such numbers to Union camps, who enlisted her sympathy. All this came to her naturally. She was to the "manor born." Our father was a "black abolitionist," and her home had always been a depot on the "underground railway." The best the farm could afford was always lavished on the slave traveler, bound for Canada. So, gradually, she gave up army hospital work and turned her attention wholly to the betterment of the

negro; first in the establishment of schools, afterwards in Freedmen's hospitals, but never giving up her school work until she left the sunny, sorrowing south to come home—to die. Again let her letters tell her story.

To her younger sisters she wrote from Fort Pickering, at Memphis, Tenn., November 19th, 1862.

"How I wish I could this morning paint the scenery around me so as to make you feel that you were with me beholding it for yourselves. I will give you a word picture as well as my pencil can sketch it. I am within the fortifications and my home is with Chaplain and Mrs. Porter, who are like a father and mother to me. The building which we occupy is used for a regimental hospital. I have a little room made on purpose for me by setting up boards near the end of the hall, leaving just room enough to set a cot and turn round in at the larger end. At one end there is a door which leads into the Chaplain's room, where our family, consisting of three surgeons, Mr. and Mrs. Porter and myself, meet every day. I am there now writing to you. Our building is situated on the banks of the Mississippi. Come with me. A green slope with here and there a cedar and honey locust marks our path to the steep bank where we stand enraptured gazing on the graceful bend of the river embracing islands in its course. Not far away there is something rising above the water which *you* might mistake for a whale—but it is the rebel boat Beauregard, the grave of 150 rebels, that was sunk here with others at the time of the taking of Memphis. Across on the Arkansas shore there are tall, straight cypress and poplar, and the white armed sycamore adorned by the mistletoe bough, and on this side, the river above is lined with graceful steamers and the beautiful city of Memphis. Below, the scenery becomes more romantic, the deep ravines, the precipice, the magazines in the side of the bank, the numerous piles of cannon balls scattered along the winding pathway under the bluffs, leading around to the contraband village; all makes a pretty picture. Turn your back upon all this scenery and move forward with me a few steps. But again look back, there is a graceful steamer loaded with soldiers coming out on the blue ripples. Now turn away entirely from this communing with nature and our eyes fall upon the various paraphernalia of war. There are the stars and stripes. A wind torn flag under which the musiceans frequently practice. When I commenced this letter my whole being was stirred by the sound of the fife and drum playing the dear old 'Star Spangled Banner,' and my feelings deepened as I looked out over the form of a silent sleeper lying under our window. He wakes not at the 'sound of the rolling drum, or the trumpet that speaks of fame.' He was a Norwegian minister enlisted as a private—a soldier of the army and a soldier of the cross. He sleeps in Christ, awaiting the sound of the final trumpet. Such scenes are not rare with us. But to our picture—the soldier's quarters are before us, and to sum up the whole scene—here we are with tents, ambulances, wagons, horses, mules, and men, protected on one side by the little black gun-boats in the river, and on the other by a zig-zag entrenchment extending from the city

about a mile from here around to Mound Jackson. From this to the river there is a natural entrenchment. Just inside the entrenchment is the breastworks, and all along on this embankment the cannon and siege guns are mounted. The sentinels walk to and fro there looking out over the large parade ground watching for the enemy."

Then follows a fine description of the grounds where the soldiers were on review which for want of space we omit.

"Now I presume you are expecting to hear about the hospital and my labors there. The weather is so pleasant and so conducive to health that we have but few sick in comparison with our many soldiers. There seemed to be no call for me in the hospitals, so I turned to teaching. I have a select school about a mile from here of 300 pupils. Come over the parade ground that I told you about, across the wood to the little contraband village, and any of the colored population will point you to our school house. In this village there are nearly two thousand slaves who have escaped the yoke of bondage, and who now live in their own little houses built of new slabs. Very few of them know how to read but I find it a glorious work to teach them. I feel that I have been led by the hand of Providence. I am not alone in the work. Mrs. Porter is the prime mover in it. We are greatly encouraged in our schools. The Captain of the Engineer Department calls almost every day to see if our wants are all supplied. He has charge of the contrabands employed by the Government and looks upon the school as a very important thing."

December 12th, 1862, she wrote from Fort Pickering:

"Nearly three weeks ago thirty-five thousand men went out from here on a march through the enemy's land. They left with music and cheers loud and long, but we are lonely. Our surgeons who seemed almost like brothers to me left, our sick were removed, new troops came in. Our hospitals were almost immediately filled with sick men from the 27th Iowa. They are good fellows. Yesterday we were surprised by the return of part of our troops and two of our surgeons, but they will remain but a day or two. They report that the great army moved on for sixty miles burning fences and houses and gaining subsistence by taking cattle, butter, flour, sugar, honey, and in fact everything that they could, and destroying much that they could not appropriate. They left nothing but darkies, and very many of them joined them on their return. Our men say that on their return the white flag was out at almost every house they passed, and the inhabitants said: 'give us peace *on any terms*.' 'We did not expect this or we never would have taken up arms—take our slaves—our property—everything—only spare our lives, and give us peace.' Our men helped themselves to everything, invariably saying to them: 'You have given us a strong invitation to come and see you, and of course we expect you to feed us.' I could write much more of interest but have not time now."

To a sister whose husband was in the army she wrote from Ft. Pickering:

"Try to keep up good spirits, for the land is full of mourning and sorrow, but how could so great a thing as the freedom of over three millions of human beings come without being attended with great suffering. In the north homes are made desolate by absent husbands, father, sons, and brothers, while in south thousands lie in hospitals, and thousands more sleep in newly made graves, thousands more are enduring the privations of camp life and thousands are on the weary march or engaged on the field of battle. Thousands of a darker skin are coming up to Shiloh from the land wet with the tears of slaves. All this except the battle field I come in contact with daily. 12000 soldiers are here sick and wounded in the hospitals and probably as many more in camp. About six thousand contrabands are here. The Rev. Mr. Eaton is appointed by the Government to take charge of the contraband in the South West. About two weeks since he bought in on the cars two thousand of them. When he got here it was snowing, and continued to snow for two days and there was no place for the poor creatures but the old cotton shed under which they all gathered. They were barefoot, many of them almost starving; but the Chaplains and some of the Sanitary commission of Chicago turned out their stores of codfish, dried fruit, etc., which saved their lives until other arrangements were made for them. Mr. Eaton has since brought in 2000 more and for the present we have them stowed away in rebel houses which are to be torn down because the way of the cannon in the fort. Hundreds of them are sheltered only by tents. I am now one of the prominent workers.

Such a snow storm as we had, two feet or more in depth, has not been seen here for twenty-five years; but now it is quite mild again, and the grass and the beautiful moss look as green as ever. Keep up a good heart and ever trust in God who doeth all things well. The war will be over soon, I hope, and the broken families united; but if this can not be we must feel that our friends have fallen noble in a cause and all is well. He doeth all things well—trust in Him. Almost three months have I pleasantly spent with Mr. and Mrs. Potter but this is my last night with them. Having been the first teacher among the contrabands in the Southwest I am now recognized as a co-laborer with Rev. J. Eaton—General agent for contrabands in the Southwest, Rev. Lock Meth, agent and Rev. A. S. Fisk, local agent at Memphis. A room was prepared for me to-day at their headquarters, for it seems necessary that I should be nearer my work. We have a large house surrounded with shade trees, and our family will consist of the above named Rev'ds, Mrs. Fisk and myself. We have men—soldiers detailed to help in this great work—some of them we call jay-hawkers as they *will persist*, when authorized by the divines in going out into the country and actually taking from the rebels provisions and everything which is *forced* upon them for the comfort of the contrabands. When shall I see you all again? I have tried several times to come home; but my friends, black and white will not let me leave the field at present. It is work, work, work and I must help."

The following is a copy of a special order which explains itself:

SPECIAL ORDER }

CONTRABAND OFFICE,
JULY, 1st, 1863.

"Miss L. Humphrey is hereby placed in charge of the schools for contraband children in camp Fisk and is authorized to direct in all their arrangements. For school purposes she shall have charge of all the children, unemployed women and men of the camp. She is authorized also to use the labor of such women as she may need in preparing and arranging clothing to keep the children in school order. All persons in said camp or connected in any way with the persons or matters herein referred to are enjoined to lend her every assistance in their power.

Signed,

A. SEVERANCE FISK,
Post Supt. Contraband.

The following is "Appendix D." to chaplain Eaton's report to the Adjutant General. Mr. Eaton was Genl. Supt. of Contrabands for the Department of the Tennessee.

"Early in the Autumn of 1862 from twenty-five to thirty employees in a branch of the U. S. Hospital assembled every evening for instruction. This was the beginning of my school for contrabands at Memphis. We labored under great disadvantages but with such marked success that I sought a larger field of labor and by suggestions of Mrs. Porter, wife of one of our army chaplains, I opened a school Nov. 1st, 1862, at Shiloh, a contraband village of two thousand inhabitants. Here too we labored under great disadvantages, but our little slab home crowded with men, women and children was soon fitted up with windows, seats, bell and blackboards kindly furnished us by Capt. ——— of the Engineering Department. Cards were sent us from Rev. Glen Wood of Chicago, and books furnished by the negroes themselves.

I had one hundred regular pupils whose ages varied from seven to sixty-five years. Of this number fifty learned to read quite intelligibly in two months. I adopted the 'word method' of teaching, relied much on oral instruction and used every means in my power to awaken thought, while my sole object was to educate humanity and not simply the *intellect* of human beings. They were very anxious to learn, desired to support their school and in fact made a beginning to this end. I find them tractable, intuitive and imitative but not usually reflective.

On Jan. 1st, 1863, an examination with other interesting exercises held out of doors closed my work at Shiloh, and now under very different circumstances and with greater encouragement I continue the work, feeling that all my success is due to him who hath given me the field and friends to sustain me in it and strength to work therein."

L. HUMPHREY.

She further wrote of her school at Shiloh:

"They evince a great desire to learn to read the bible. One old lady, sixty-eight years of age, in my school learned the words: 'God is Love.' With this attainment she seemed satisfied, and it is indeed interesting to see her going to the card to read her lesson, which always seems new to her, supported

in her feeble steps by a noble manly son, on whose arm she leans. In other schools elderly persons have been known to kneel and weep over their bibles praying that their understanding might be opened so that they might learn to read its blessed contents.

‘Neber, neber did I speck dat de same rod dat stripe my back so much would pint out to me de words of eternal life.’ This was the language of an old man who was learning to read God’s word while I pointed out to him the words with the overseer’s rod which he had brought with him from the plantation.”

In this first school at Shiloh she taught some time with no precuniary reward. Afterwards the Am. Missionary Society appointed her as a missionary with a salary of \$200,00 a year. Her school house equipment consisted of bits of boards, cardboard, chalk and coal. What love and devotion to the cause must have burned in her heart to have kept her there under such a condition of things! Then too at first there was a great deal of opposition in our army to the negro being there at all. This opposition was sometimes manifested in a very disagreeable way to her. At one time she boarded for a few weeks outside the picket lines. One evening on passing the soldier on duty, he said: “Ha! you are the one who teaches the d——d niggers, I’ll shoot you.” Whereupon his gun was leveled at her. She replied “shoot,” and walked quietly on. He did not shoot. She thought his manly soldier nature rose above his coward hatred for the negro, and she never reported him. She was a hero worshipper; and in those days the man in the “blue,” were he black or white, was her hero, and she could excuse insult and injury masked under that uniform.

But as time went by opinions changed; her work was recognized and help came in many ways, and easier, more comfortable times came to her. On July 4th, 1863 she wrote to a brother:—

“I am now moved into camp Fisk where I am at the head of a school of three hundred pupils. Two excellent young ladies with a missionary have their quarters with me in the same cabin. The girls are from Ohio and are assisting me in the school. How I wish you could see me in my little room ten feet square. It is papered with the Independent, and is fitted up so as to look decidedly nice and literary. I have accumulated a great many curiosities and keepsakes, besides quite a library, pictures, maps, book case, globe,

clock, carpet, the *chair of state*, and a cot with clean white pillow cases and sheets. You must not think of me as being deprived of any comfort. The vines have crept in and hang from the logs over-head, helping to beautify my little home. The darkies say—"Dis de parlaw shore! All de 'balance ob de camp am de kitchen."

In the spring of 1863 she was very sick for many weeks with intermittent fever, but found kind friends who took the best of care of her, but who did not compel her to quit work and come north. So she lingered on, at work and yet not well.

In July she wrote:—

"I have never fully recovered from my sickness, and weakness now compels me to lie on my cot most of my time. But I have contrived a plan so that I can write as well as if I could sit up. I have four cords suspended from the rude logs above me which fasten to the four corners of a board which makes a suspension writing desk. Behind this two elastic bands are suspended which reach my waist and are there buttoned on another which fastens around me. A little pad is fastened on these straps on which I rest my head and neck. You know I am at work on my book 'The Freedmen.'* Our Genl. Supt. has just sent his clerk to inform me that I can have two hours assistance per day in copying. Everybody is kind, everybody helps me to carry out any plan I undertake. I have reason to feel thankful—we are looking for a great victory at Vicksburg."

The following is an extract from the manuscript of "The Freedmen:"

"In order to show the difficulties under which the Hospitals for Freedmen were established, we need mention but a few cases. The one at Memphis, Tenn., the whole history of which is familiar to me, is probably attended with as much interest as any."

In the fall of 1862 a rich widow was ordered to give up this building for the sick of the oppressed race. She did it with reluctance and it was at once appropriated to this purpose. A few weeks afterward I visited it and found the sick and dying lying around—some on the floors and some on bunks with nothing under them but the hard boards. The medical attendance was passable, though everything presented a desolate, comfortless appearance; but a gradual improvement was made by earnest efforts of Chaplain Jeremiah Porter and his good lady. Straw or hay could not be procured and I suggested the idea of making beds of the forest leaves, which were soon gathered and packed into the bunks. A blanket spread over these made a very good bed.

The hospital changing hands nearly every month at last fell into the hands

*The book alluded to was not published as her death prevented its completion.

of one of our army surgeons who managed to procure from the Government bed ticks with some other things, and donated clothing was sent in. All these things the Dr. had packed away in the filthy halls, forbidding to give them to patients until additional improvements could be made. In the mean time, patients, filth and rubbish increased, until to the Dr. usually under the influence of opium, the whole thing began to seem a mountain insurmountable; and he sunk back on his bed of ease, and did little else but to vindicate his profound philosophy, viz; 'A nigger's a nigger, and there is no use to try to do any thing for him.' At one time while the were dead being loaded up for burial, the detailed soldier superintending the work, while sitting on his horse beside the wagon, perceived that one of the men still breathed. 'Why Dr.' said he, 'here is a man who is not dead yet.' 'Never mind' replied the Dr. 'he'll be dead by the time you are ready to bury him.' 'But' said the young soldier, his face glowing with indignation, I can see from here that he still breathes and, *no man, if he is black shall be buried alive if I can help it!* I order him to be taken out and put back in the house.' It was done, and the man lived at least fifteen hours after this.

This surgeon continued in charge until the camp was established, and with thousands coming in it became necessary to establish another hospital. The Superintendents being too busy themselves to see to it left it entirely with the doctor. Early one bright January morning, while visiting the tents that had just been erected to receive the wanderers, I met one of our detailed soldiers riding around trying to get women to go and clean up the new hospital. He feared that he would not be able to carry out the order, said he had managed to get a few but that when he placed them together and went to find more, they would immediately disperse and conceal themselves somewhere. I offered to assist him and he sat on his horse to keep them together, while I went around to find such as could go as well as not. When we got them together, some of them assured us that they were free and under no obligations to go, that they would sooner go to the grave, etc. We saw clearly they would have to be driven, and feeling it to be their duty to help take care of the sick of their own color, we did not hesitate to compel them to go. But if they must be forced to go what could be expected of them when there? I saw at once the necessity of going with them and the building about a mile distance was pointed out to me. On the way my workers began to become more reconciled to their task, but they begged me not to take them where they would be exposed to small-pox. I told them that we were going to an empty house which they were to clean up to receive the sick, but greatly to my surprise, we found the house full. The sick and dying were lying in the yard and on the porches to keep themselves warm in the heat of the sun, and the floors were completely covered with the most distressed creatures I had ever before beheld. About three rods from the building were two or three tents filled with cases of small-pox. There were over one hundred sick attended by a Hospital Steward who only got one hour's time to devote to them through the day. Two women were there to do the cooking—but they had little else to cook except corn meal, and no way to cook this except in the ashes. When the ash cakes were done they were passed around to all who were able to eat. There was but one pail and cup

except the one used by the cooks—and the sick of small-pox from the tents would come out and call for water. Sometimes their cry was heeded by a wretch of a black man who was placed there as a nurse, and after giving to them, he would take the same cup and pail with the water that was left and pass it around in the house.

What to do first I hardly knew. But the Dr. had demanded help to clean up the house. Looking around I found some conveniences for washing and at once gathered up all the old clothes left by the dead and all the blankets that could be spared by the living. These the women washed thoroughly and agreed to go with me next day to clean the rooms, and now comes the day of experience—such experience as I had never had before, and probably will never have again. When I got my help together and got to the house it was ten o'clock. Five who had died the night before still lay upon the floors with the living who could not turn away from them. The filth and stench cannot be described—but in the midst of this the first thing was to separate the dead from the living. I ordered the nurse before mentioned to carry out the dead—but in the midst of my perplexities he annoyed me as much as possible by raising every possible objection. I met them by taking hold myself sometimes, and sometimes ordering the women to help me. I observed however that he first searched the pockets, putting into his own their contents. I reproved him but he thought he might as well have their money as to bury it and assured me that he would not stay there if he did not get more than Government paid him. In one case he attempted to take from a hand a gold ring—the finger was much swollen and he was making great efforts to take it off when I observed him. This so excited me that I stepped forward assuring him that if he did not stop immediately he would suffer the consequences. He dropped the hand and I turned away but on looking back I saw him cut off the finger and slip it into his pocket. I turned away heartsick, but my emotions changed as rapidly as the scene before me—at one moment deeply perplexed about the task before me—at the next almost yielding to feelings of anger which perhaps the next moment melted like wax before the fire and gave way to the most tender emotions as I passed on from duty to duty, my eyes filling and refilling with tears at the sight of hands outstretched for help I could not render, and eyes turned imploringly upon me. Passing by a little bundle of rags in one corner I observed a little thin hand pushing away the clothes, and listened to the trembling voice of a little girl as she said, 'Please ma'am, buy me a little toffin. If my mammy was here she wouldn't let me be put down in de grown wid-out no toffin—buy me one, please ma'am.' I promised her that I would do so and passed on to another room which as speedily as possible was emptied, cleaned and dried. The women were spreading down the clean bed-clothes and I went to find the little girl, but much to my surprise she was gone. 'Where is the little girl?' I asked. 'She's done gone out,' said an old man, 'she jis opened her mouth like a little robin, den I seed she was done gone out an dey car'd her off.'

We had nearly completed our work for the day and were arranging things outside when my attention was called by the women who pointed to the dead cart just before them. I looked up and perceived that the nurse had just order-

ed the cart which had in it the bodies of five from the small-pox tents, to be driven up in front of the hospital door and was keeping it there awaiting to put in a woman who was dying in the house. There was no evading the truth—the women whom I had promised to keep from exposure to small-pox saw the five black and bloated faces turned towards us as the cart tipped back, and they understood it as well as I did. I told them that we were all exposed myself as well as they, and one of the women added that we were in the line of duty and she believed the Lord would preserve us all.

That night I related something of my experience to the Superintendents and gave them to understand the condition of the hospital. The next day Superintendent Fiske went there with me. We stopped at the old hospital and got the Dr. to accompany us. We could scarcely see the improvements which had been made. The Dr., moved around among the patients, uncovering and manifesting great interest in each case—but much to his surprise he uncovered a man who was suffering from gangrene. His toes had completely separated from his foot and lay decaying in the blanket, and the foot was beginning to fall from the ankle. ‘Why,’ said the Dr. hastily covering it, ‘I ordered this limb to be amputated three weeks ago.’ The Dr. promised to do better if the Chaplain would keep me away. But the hospital soon changed hands and a marked and decided improvement soon followed. This building had become so impregnated with small-pox that it was used for a pest hospital; and comforts and an air of cleanliness began to surround the other one—which have ever since attended it.”

Oh the pity of it all! That such things were, and that one so delicate, so refined, so pure, should come in contact with such filth, such gross negligence, such suffering. For thirty long years I have closed my eyes and ears to these ghastly experiences, and tried to forget that they had ever been. In one sense this has been a harrowing task for me. Yet there was a bright side to that dark south, and Lucinda whose whole heart and soul went out in sympathy for that “oppressed race” found gleams of sunshine in many places.

A letter to her young sisters gives an account of one of those bright vistas. It was written from Contraband Camp, Corinth, Miss.

“You will doubtless be surprised when you learn that I am at Corinth,—but I am only here on a visit—expect to go back to Memphis to-morrow; there to engage in my school. While waiting for my school house to be completed the General Superintendent, also the Assistant Superintendent of Contrabands there, thought best that I should take a little recreation—so they sent me with Chaplain Alexander to visit this camp for which he is Post Superintendent. I really ought to have dated my letter at Contraband Hospital as I am to-night very pleasantly situated at a table with Dr. Humphrey and wife. The Dr. has

charge of this hospital and a most perfect one it is—if it is a *negro* hospital. The Dr. is a noble, successful worker and I am willing to own him as a relative. Strange feelings come over me as I walk over the battle field of Corinth. I cannot now stop to explain to you the many objects of interest here, but you will have an idea of the contraband camp when you see my photograph of it with hundreds of little darkies poking their heads out of the cabin doors, and the 1st black regiment of the Southwest out on drill. I have been up to Mr. Alexander's tent most all day—it is carpeted—has a stove in it, and is very comfortable.

The most perfect order prevails here, and every one is happy. The darkies all say 'We'll die at de Captain's feet—we'll mind what he says and go where he goes if we follow him to the end ob de earf.' They have the same confidence in the Chaplain here that the contrabands at Memphis have in me. We have had a sermon to-day in the log church—As the logs are covered with beautiful green moss inside and out we called it decorated. The text was this 'As he come up out ob de water a turtle-dove lit on his head saying dis is my much loved son dat please me well.'

I am appointed now by the N.Y. Missionary Association to labor as teacher of contrabands at Memphis. They pay me \$200 per year—when you need money let me know, will you? I want to help you on in your studies. I was glad to have your sympathy in the work in which I am engaged. . . . 'Tis moonlight and starlight,—*beautiful*. There is music in the camp tonight—sweet martial music. There's music in the woods around us—the chirrup of frogs at night and the songs of birds by day. I will send you some of the flowers from the garden here which you may cherish. When shall we all be home again? Perhaps never."

The cherished flowers, which grew at Corinth thirty-one years ago this March, still lie in the folded letter.

In the fall of 1863 she made another short visit in the North and at home, but never for a moment forgot her work at Memphis. She spoke in the churches in Galesburg, Ills., and other cities, soliciting aid for the "poor contraband" Upon her return, however, she was called upon to forget her work, and for a time to forget everything else in listening to the old, old story of love, of which she says: "Romance would be tame to what has passed in our cabin home in camp."

She wrote from aboard the steamer *Bertha*:

"To all at home—I am now on my way to Vicksburg to take notes. There is no danger on the river now, so you must not feel uneasy about me—I shall return to Memphis in about two weeks, when all the friends at home are earnestly requested to be present to go with me to President's Island where you will see me married to Captain H. S. Hay of the 9th Louisiana Vol. I have done but little since my return but to settle this important question—I

never before found a will as strong as my own. However I am now fully reconciled and must say that I am proud of my warrior. I know now how better to sympathize with those of my friends who have husbands in the army. A few nights ago we expected an attack on our camp. The Captain commands this detachment and therefore must be the leader in case of an attack. It was with the greatest interest that his men gathered around him and promised to be faithful to their guns. He placed them in the best possible position for the night and promised to be with them at three in the morning. I did not sleep much that night. Capt. Hay has been our Superintendent for the last nine months and has not an enemy in camp or in the Department. Dr. Wright our camp surgeon said to me—'The Captain is not a polished man but probably you might hunt the world over and not find one more true, more noble, more brave, and good.' If I am unhappy it will be my own fault. He would give up his life for me."

To her brother at Galesburg she wrote shortly after her marriage.

"You will be surprised to learn that I have changed my name since my return here, as it was far from being my intention when I saw you last. But we know not what lies before us. I thought I was determined to remain single while there is such a work before us as there is at the present time. I turned from love and wealth in Chicago and hastened here to my field of labor where I hoped this question would not again come up—but it came, and I yielded. My husband, Capt. H. S. Hay is a brave soldier, a noble officer, and a man of great nobility of character. He loves me, I might almost say, idolizes me. He is now acting Major in command of the detachment at this post. Our colored soldiers are noble fellows. I am still busy on my book and will not promise to write to you often until I complete it."

After her marriage on Christmas day, 1863, she wrote home but seldom for several months, and then came many hurried short letters—Oh, so full of home-sickness. At last her husband obtained leave of absence and they came home the last of August, 1864. After a few weeks he returned to his post, and she remained with her sister, Mrs. Casebeer, near the old homestead at Tipton. There, after giving to the world a frail new life, she was unable to rally, and her own life went out a few days before Christmas, 1864. Her husband was with her when she died and sadly mourned her. Her nature was deeply religious. In early life she became a member of the Congregational church, and was ever a zealous christian. Her perfect faith, her child-like confidence in God, in heaven, in all the teachings of the church, are evident

in everything she ever wrote, and tenderly expressed in a letter written in March, 1863, to a sister who had a short time before buried a beloved daughter.

"It was God's will that she should go. If you can bring your mind into this condition, then you can all sympathize with each other in your bereavement and as you bear each other's burdens the trial will lessen and the desolate spot in your family which you speak of will brighten up with the memory of her who has only gone before you to the 'shining shore;' your light has not gone out; she has only carried it on beyond your mortal vision. Her songs are not hushed. You may hear them again, for memory will echo them back to you, and you will think of her as being absent, and yet present, singing and smiling with the angels. She is yours as much now as ever, though she is a treasure laid up in heaven. She even seems nearer to me than any of you do, and the thought of her often leads my mind away from the vices and distress around me to the rest for the weary."

I have said that in one sense this has been a harrowing task for me—true, but in another it has been a task beloved. During the past few weeks the sister who was so much my senior has been with me, near me—still young, her face, her voice, her manner, just as she died, a bride but of a year. Our dead never grow old. We have changed places. I am now the elder; and as her voice so long stilled, yet so clearly heard to-night, falls upon my ear in gentle reproof, in kindly advice, in love, in sympathy, in helpfulness, I wonder how one so young should have known and felt and experienced so much of the sadness of earth and yet left no shadow of it in the memory of her bright young life—so full of promise and hope—so early closed.

EMMA HUMPHREY HADDOCK.

Iowa City, March 19, 1894.

OTHER FRAGMENTS OF IOWA HISTORY.



IN THE January RECORD, Miss Avery's article upon "Fragments of Iowa History as drawn from Congressional Record" expressed the need of supplementary study of the causes which led to the rejection by the people of the constitution of 1844. A brief note appended gave the views of the only living participant in the public discussion which led to its rejection. It is hoped that a full treatment of the subject by Hon. T. S. Parvin may yet be presented to the readers of the RECORD.

After the Congressional act of March 3rd, 1845, which accepted with modifications the constitution submitted to Congress by the convention of 1844, was certified to the Territorial Legislature, a bill was introduced providing for the submission of the constitution as originally drafted to the people. The constitution with congressional modification had been rejected by vote of the people April 7th, 1845. Upon May 31, 1845, Hon. James M. Morgan of Des Moines County, speaker of the house left the chair and addressed the Representatives in favor of the bill, first answering Mr. Munger from Henry County who had declared that three blunders had been committed:—1st. "The presentation of the constitution to Congress for ratification before it had been adopted by the people." 2nd. The present "attempt of the Legislature to submit the constitution to the people for their vote." 3rd. "The whole management of the question by the delegate in Congress was one big blunder from beginning to end."

Mr. Morgan answered the first charge of Mr. Munger by saying "that the members of the convention" (which framed the constitution) "never supposed for a moment, nor had they, nor anybody else any reason to suppose, that Congress would have even attempted much less accomplished so scandalous a mutilation of our boundaries." To the second "blunder" Mr. Morgan makes reply—much of which is not

pertinent to the end we have in view, but giving as a reason for the submission of the constitution by legislative enactment after it had been rejected by the people—the admitted excellence of the document.

"I am prepared to say that this constitution which has been so much carped at and sneered at by its enemies, which has been made the butt of ridicule by all the half-fledged politicians among us—and against which the Whig prints of this Territory weekly fulminate their philippics and slaver forth their venom * * * will compare favorably, aye, triumphantly with any constitution in existence. * * * I am anxious to see it submitted to them (the people) in such form as that they can consistently vote upon it, and in such shape as they can safely vote for it, * * * now that it is freed from the slander and embarrassment cast upon it by the Congressional amendments."

A freedom secured by the defeat at the polls, since to a large majority of the people the constitution was acceptable and was defeated solely on the ground of the Congressional action touching the boundaries. It is evident also from remarks quoted above that political partisanship had its influence in defeating the constitution aside from the objectionable boundary question. On the other hand some of the dominant party were looking forward to the offices and were ready to accept the constitution with its amendments: Others felt sure that the Congressional provisions were so presented that a vote for the constitution did not approve the boundaries.

"A few contended, that if the constitution should be adopted by the people, an acceptance or ratification of the amendments would not necessarily follow * * * but a large majority contended that the questions were undoubtedly and irrevocably joined, and that there was therefore no opportunity allowed us to vote upon them separately. These conflicting opinions coming together as they did just upon the eve of the election, produced their natural result—a general and wide-spread confusion in the public mind—and, sir, it was in the midst of this confusion and because of this confusion that the constitution went down. That it sank under the weight of these fatal, odious, and outrageous amendments (no one will pretend to doubt that such was the case) is to me, at least, a not less painful than well known fact, for I was in the field of its struggles, and I can say with confidence that I saw scores of the most devoted friends of the constitution and of state government march to the ballot box and vote against the constitution upon the simple and avowed ground that they believed that if they voted for it they would at the same time necessarily and unavoidably vote for the Congressional boundaries also."

Mr. Morgan evidently felt that wise management of the matter while pending in Congress would have placed the amendments in such form as to have permitted a separate vote upon the boundary question—and that the constitution would have been adopted except that a second convention would necessarily be called to act upon the boundary amendments proposed by Congress, and that a proper presentation of the matter before Congress would then have brought about a reversal of their previous action.

Upon the third “blunder” in which Mr. Munger charges the delegate in Congress with acting “treacherously” Mr. Morgan speaks cautiously in his defence. He attributes the acts of the delegate not, as had been charged:

“That he was over solicitous for an immediate organization of State Government at all hazards, and at all sacrifices with the view of becoming the recipient of its highest honors, as has been more than hinted at by the gentleman from Henry, but that he was governed by higher and purer motives—by a laudable desire, sir, to carry out what he honestly believed to be the will of his constituents. * * * That in his zealous efforts to serve his constituents, the delegate did more than was desired of him. This is an error, however, if it may be called an error, for which a public servant may be more fairly excused than justly censured.”

One act of the delegate, the issue of a circular to his constituents in which he says “we can never obtain one more square mile of territory than is prescribed to us by the Congressional boundaries,” Mr. Morgan considers an unfortunate admission which may prevent any future modification of Congressional action.

Mr. Morgan then addresses himself to a statement of the reasons which should have weight with the people in contending for the original boundaries asked for in the constitution of 1844—to-wit: State of Missouri upon the south—the St. Peter’s river upon the north—and the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers upon the East and West respectively.

“The people of the territory should contend for the extended boundaries because without them there would remain but few inducements to go into a state organization, whilst with them there would be every motive to take that step. These boundaries form of themselves several hundred miles of steam-

boat navigation, and embrace within their limits some 60,000 square miles of the best farming lands in the world, together with inexhaustible mineral resources, and all imaginable facilities for manufacturing purposes. We thus have before us, sir, at a single glance, the great interests to be secured to us, provided we can obtain the original boundaries. Let us treat this question, then, in a spirit of patriotism commensurate with its importance to us and to posterity. Let us raise our thoughts and shape our acts above the party expedients of the day. Let us throw behind us all paltry considerations of party and with them the insignificant capital which might be lugged in to affect the choice of a delegate to Congress—let us cast behind us all petty considerations of this description and endeavor to elevate our minds to a level with the high interests at stake and to expand our views to a proper appreciation of the subject. Let us forget that we are acting for ourselves, and endeavor to realize the great fact that we are acting for posterity. * * * Let us keep our minds, our hearts and our eyes, constantly directed toward the future, that great future, sir, which is to rise up in judgment upon our acts, and to weigh out to us that meed of praise which shall be due to our forethought and firmness or that share of censure which shall be due to our stupidity and folly. * * * The whole responsibility of the decision of this question then, whether for good or for evil, depends upon this Legislature. * * * Suppose that we as a Legislature should provide in the bill before us for a dismemberment of the Territory, or that, we as a people should agree to accept the Congressional boundaries—what, sir, would be the consequences to our power, our prosperity, our prospects? Why, sir, we should be confined to a single stream in the way of navigation, and to a comparatively small district of country for settlement and subsistence. The immediate result of this would be to drive from us many enterprising citizens, to discourage and dishearten those who would remain, and put a sudden and everlasting stop to immigration. * * * Sir, it had been a favorite and rather fashionable argument with some, though it has not been urged upon this floor, that under the extended boundaries two great rival interests would spring up—one on the Mississippi and one upon the Missouri, that these interests would soon come into conflict, and that commercial jealousies and political struggles of an unpleasant character would soon result. Now, sir, this assumption or apprehension is not justified by experience. Our nearest neighbor—the State of Illinois—is not only surrounded, but intersected by navigable waters and we hear of no conflicts nor clashing of interests there * * * excepting such as grow out of the party contests of the times. In my humble opinion, sir, prejudices, heart burnings, and ill blood would much more naturally arise * * * under the boundaries which Congress has prescribed for us; as, in the event of their adoption, the border settlers of our own state would be thrown upon the Missouri for a market, the very force of circumstances would estrange them from all duty and attachment to our state; their labor and their wealth would be drawn from us and be made to flow steadily into the lap of a rival state, which would soon outstrip us by thus having the power to levy contributions upon our own people.”

Mr. Morgan argues for making the Missouri our western boundary with much earnestness and expresses his conviction that those residing in the northern portions of the Territory should also insist upon the St. Peter's as their boundary line. He then urges the right of the people to demand the extended boundaries:

"Because they made their settlements here with a view to obtaining them. *
* * What, sir, would be the condition of the present population of Iowa had not its settlers understood from the start that they were to obtain these extended boundaries? Why, sir, with the exception perhaps of a few settlements immediately upon the banks of the Mississippi, the whole Territory would have remained to this hour a perfect wilderness, and for this reason, sir, that any other boundaries than those proposed would have cut the people off from all of those agricultural and commercial advantages to which men naturally look when entering upon the settlement of a new country. * * * They (the people) have the right and it is their duty to demand of Congress that this fraud and this outrage shall not be visited upon them."

Mr. Morgan then treats of the reasons which were urged in Congress for their change of boundaries but as this subject is discussed quite fully by Miss Avery (See January HISTORICAL RECORD pages 14—17) it needs no repetition here. He closes his speech with a recital of his reasons for believing that a resubmission of our claims to Congress would result in the concession of the boundaries desired.

"These reasons are two-fold, *first*, a sense of justice arising from the sober second thought of Congress—*secondly*, political considerations. I have no doubt, sir, but that, upon reflection, and after hearing another statement of the case, Congress will be tempted to retrace its steps, and act with the wisdom which should characterize so exalted a body, and with that magnanimity which has heretofore been the glory of the American Congress.

"In addition to this political considerations will arise which must necessarily weigh upon the minds of members from all parts of the Union. Sir, when the Senators from Florida shall take their seats upon the floor of the Senate, the East, the Center, and the West will feel suddenly and sensibly the weight which is so soon to disturb the now evenly balanced scales, and they will be compelled to cast about them for a counterpoise to preserve the equilibrium of the government.*

*Since the memorable admission of Missouri and Maine there had been observed the disposition to keep an equilibrium between slave and free states in the senate, and states were admitted in pairs—Florida and Iowa being thus paired.

"Their eyes will naturally be directed toward us, and when they see us halting and holding back, and ascertain the cause of our delay, I think the great probability is that they will beg us to come forward and bid us to enter upon our own terms.

"The North, too, will see that being a part of the old Louisiana Territory, and cut off by nature from all communication with the East, we must naturally and unavoidably find our market at the South and continue to find it there, so long as the Mississippi and the Missouri shall roll their floods in their present direction. The North will have the sagacity to see this—and that same sagacity—that inborn principle of our race—will teach them that, 'where the treasure is there will the heart be also.' The North, sir, will see that, cut off as we are, geographically, commercially, and politically from all communication with the East, they will have nothing to gain, and everything to lose by the erection of a series of new states west of the Mississippi River, every one of which, from the force of circumstances, from geographical and commercial connections, must unite politically and will unite politically and forever with the South. These circumstances then, will decide the question for the North, and induce northern members to labor for our admission with the original boundaries. The Middle States will have but little to say in the matter, or, if they have an opinion, it must be in our favor, as an increased number of Senators would render the Middle States more than ever the prey and sport of the balance."

This is an exact copy, but it must be admitted does not add force to Mr. Morgan's contention except it be meant to imply that the admission of Iowa would diminish the *balance* and so lessen the danger to the Middle States.

"The western states will repudiate the new fallacy, that to keep up the weight of the West in the government it is necessary to have a larger representation in a body which has never been, and never can be, the representative of the masses or of any particular or peculiar sectional interests."

The reason urged in Congress for the reduction of our proposed boundaries was the importance of having a larger number of states formed out of free territory so that the south might not gain preponderance in the Senate. Mr. Morgan assumes that the number of States does not determine the preponderance in Congress as a whole, for the lower house represents the popular will and this depends upon population.

"Hence I am led to believe that western members moved by that sympathy which they must naturally feel in the affairs of a near neighbor, will be induced to take us by the hand, and guide us safely and triumphantly through the ordeal which awaits us. The people of the South, possessing as they do a district of country sufficient in extent to keep up the political balance for all time to come, will of course have no objection to any boundaries we may propose, whilst a sense

of justice to themselves, seeing that we are allied to each other by the strong ties of interest, will induce them to throw their whole weight in our favor.

"These are the considerations, sir, which, in my opinion, will, when properly impressed upon the minds of members of Congress, induce that body to welcome us with open arms and hail our admission into the Union with a shout of sincere and heartfelt joy."

The prediction proved true, for by Act of Congress, August 4th, 1846, acceptable boundaries were defined. A second convention which met May 4, 1846, submitted a constitution to the people of the Territory. A vote ratifying the same was taken August 3rd, 1846, just one day previous to the Congressional action which must have been taken without any knowledge of the results of the popular vote, but with a full understanding of the wishes of the people as expressed in the constitution itself.

The only departure from the original contention as to boundaries was upon the North—a change from the proposed "parallel running through the mouth of the Blue Earth" to the parallel of $43^{\circ} 30'$, our present boundary. The final act of admission was perfected December 28, 1846.

J. L. PICKARD.

THE WESTERN BORDER OF IOWA IN 1804 AND 1806.

BY WM. SALTER, D.D., BURLINGTON, IOWA.

IN THE Expedition of Lewis and Clark to the sources of the Missouri river, and to the Pacific ocean, those famous explorers passed a month along the western border of Iowa, or upon that part of the Missouri river which stretches from the southwest corner of the State to the mouth of the Big Sioux river. They left their camp on the Mississippi opposite the mouth of the Missouri river, May 14, 1804, and reached the point where the Southern boundary of Iowa

abuts the Missouri river on the 18th of July. From this point they were thirty-five days in reaching the mouth of the Big Sioux, a distance of 314 miles by the windings of the river according to their calculation. In September, 1806, they retraced the same distance in six days. The following extracts are from that portion of their Narrative which covers this distance [New Edition by Elliott Coues, 4 vols., published by Francis P. Harper, N. Y., 1893]:

July 18, 1804.—The country around is divided into prairies, with little timber, except upon low points and islands, and near creeks, and consisting of cottonwood, mulberry, elm and sycamore.

July 19.—We camped on the western extremity of an island in the middle of the river, having made $10\frac{3}{4}$ miles. The sand-bars passed to-day are more numerous, and the rolling sands more frequent and dangerous than any we have seen; these obstacles increasing as we approach the Platte river. The Missouri is wider here than below, where the timber on the banks resists the current; while here the prairies are more easily washed and undermined. Great quantities of young geese are seen. For the last few days the hunters have brought no quadruped but deer.

July 20.—A heavy dew last night; this morning foggy and cool. We passed a small willow island to the east, and a creek on the west about 25 yards wide, called by the French L'Eau qui Pleure, or Weeping Water, which empties just above a cliff of brown clay. Thence to another island, and a third, and fourth, at the head of which we camped; in all 18 miles. The party who walked on the shore found the plains to the west rich, but parched with frequent fires; no timber except scattering trees about the sources of the runs. On the east is a similar prairie country. The river continues to fall. A large yellow wolf was killed this day.

For a month past the party have been troubled with boils under the arms and on the legs, and occasionally dysentery. After some days the tumors disappeared without assistance except a poultice of bark of the elm or of Indian meal. We ascribe the disorder to the muddiness of the river water.

July 21.—By aid of a breeze from the southeast we passed at about ten miles a willow-island on the west, near highlands, covered with timber at the bank, and formed of limestone with cemented shells. On the opposite side the land is cut through at high water by small channels forming a number of islands. The wind lulled at 7 o'clock, and we reached in the rain the mouth of the Platte at the distance of fourteen miles. The highlands on the west which had accompanied us for the last eight or ten miles stopped at about three quarters of a mile from the entrance of the Platte. Here is the dividing line between what is called the "Upper" and "Lower" Missouri. A number of wolves were seen, and heard around us in the evening.

July 22—26.—We found on the east side a high and shaded situation at the distance of ten miles from the Platte. We camped here [White-catfish camp,

lat. 41 degrees, 3 minutes, 11 seconds], intending to make the requisite observations, and to send for the neighboring tribes for the purpose of making known the recent change in the government, and the wish of the United States to cultivate their friendship. Immediately behind is a plain about five miles wide, one half covered with wood, the other dry and elevated. We stayed here several days, dried our provisions, made oars, and prepared dispatches and maps of the country for the President of the United States. The hunters have found game scarce; they have seen deer, turkeys and grouse; we have an abundance of ripe grapes; catfish very common, and easily taken; one of our men caught a white catfish.

In the present season the Indians go out on the prairies to hunt the buffalo; but as we discovered hunters' tracks, and observed the plains on fire in the direction of their villages, we hoped they might have returned to gather the green Indian corn, and we dispatched two men to the Ottoe or Pawnee villages with a present of tobacco and an invitation to the chiefs to visit us. They returned after two days' absence; though they saw fresh tracks of a small party, they found no Indians.

The Ottoes were once a powerful nation. Their village is on the south side of the Platte, about thirty miles from its mouth. Five leagues above them reside the Pawnees.

July 27.—We set sail with a pleasant breeze. At 10½ miles from our camp we examined a curious collection of graves or mounds on the west side of the river. A tract of about 200 acres is covered with mounds of different heights, shapes and sizes; some of sand; some of both earth and sand; the largest nearest the river. They indicate the ancient village of the Ottoes before they retired to the protection of the Pawnees.

July 28.—We reached a bluff on the east side, the first highlands on this side since we left the Nodaway (July 8). Above is a creek which we called Indian Knob creek (it rises in Shelby County, runs through Harrison County, and empties into the Missouri, near Crescent City, Pottawattamie Co., Iowa).

A little below the bluff is the spot where the Ajauway Indians formerly lived. They were a branch of the Ottoes, and emigrated from this place to the river Des Moines. From this village to Floyd's river the hills retire from the Missouri. The country thus abandoned of the hills is open, and timber is in small quantities, so that though the plain is rich, and covered with high grass, the want of wood renders it less calculated for cultivation.

Our hunter brought to us in the evening a Missouri Indian whom he found with two others dressing an elk; they were friendly, gave him some of the meat, and one agreed to accompany him. He is of the few remaining Missouris who live with the Ottoes; he belongs to a small party whose camp is four miles from the river, and says the body of the nation is hunting buffalo on the plains.

July 29.—We sent this Indian back with an invitation to the others to meet us above on the river. We passed Boyer's creek, stopped to dine under a shade near the high land on the west, and caught several large catfish. Above this high land we observed the traces of a great hurricane which passed the river obliquely from northwest to southeast, and tore up large trees some of

which, perfectly sound, and four feet in diameter, were snapped off near the ground.

July 30.—We camped on the west side of the river to wait for the Ottoes. From the bluffs we enjoy a beautiful view of the river and adjoining country. At a distance varying from four to ten miles, and of a height between 70 and 300 feet, two parallel ranges of high land afford a passage to the Missouri which enriches the low grounds between. In its winding course it nourishes the willow-islands, the scattered cottonwood, elm, sycamore, linden, and ash; and the groves are interspersed with hickory, walnut, coffee-nut, and oak.

July 31.—The meridian altitude made the latitude of our camp 41 degrees, 18 minutes, 1 second. The hunters supplied us with deer, turkeys, geese, and beaver; one of the last was caught alive, and in a short time was perfectly tamed. Catfish are abundant, and we have seen a buffalo fish. One of our men brought in an animal called by the Pawnees, Chocartoosh, by the French, blaireau, or badger. The evening is cool, yet mosquitoes are very troublesome.

August 1-2.—We waited with anxiety the return of our messenger to the Ottoes. Our apprehensions were relieved by the arrival of about 14 Ottoe and Missouri Indians, who came at sunset on the 2nd, accompanied by a Frenchman who resided among them and interpreted for us. We sent them some roasted meat, pork, flour, and meal; in return they made us a present of water-melons.

August 3.—The Indians were assembled under an awning formed with the mainsail. A speech was made to them announcing the change of the government, our promise of protection, and giving advice as to their conduct. The six chiefs replied, each in turn according to his rank. We then proceeded to distribute our presents. We gave to this place the name of Council-bluff [at a later day the sight of Fort Calhoun, in Washington Co., Nebraska]; the situation is exceedingly favorable for a fort and trading-factory. The ceremonies of the council being concluded, we set sail in the afternoon.

August 4.—A violent wind, accompanied by rain, purified and cooled the atmosphere last night. We reached a narrow part of the river where the channel is confined within a space of 200 yards by a sand-point on the east and a bend on the west; the banks are washing away, the trees falling in, and the channel is filled with buried logs. At fifteen miles we camped. The hills on both sides of the river are nearly twelve or fifteen miles from each other; those of the east containing some timber, while the hills of the west are without covering, except scattering wood in ravines and near the creeks; rich plains and prairies occupy the intermediate space.

August 5.—We set out early and by our oars made twenty miles, though the river was crowded with sand-bars. On both sides the prairies extend along the river; the banks covered with quantities of grapes, of which three different species are ripe. We had rain, attended by high wind; thunder-storms are less frequent than in the Atlantic States at this season; snakes too are less frequent, though we killed one to-day. We fixed our camp on the east side (in what is now Harrison Co., Iowa.)

In the evening Captain Clark in pursuing some game in an eastern direction found himself at a distance of 370 yards of the camp, at a point of the river

whence we had come twelve miles. When the water is high, this peninsula is overflowed; and judging from the customary changes in the river, a few years, will force the main current of the river across, and leave the great bend dry. The lowland between the parallel ranges of hills seems formed of mud or ooze of the river, mixed with sand and clay. The sand of the neighboring banks accumulates with that brought down the stream, and forms sand-bars projecting into the river; these drive the channel to the opposite bank, the loose texture of which it undermines and at length deserts its ancient bed for a new and shorter passage. Thus the banks are constantly falling and the river changing its bed.

August 6.—After a violent storm of wind and rain from the northwest we passed a large island to the east. In the channel separating it from the shore, a creek called Soldier's river enters.

August 7.—Another storm from the northwest last evening. Having the wind from the north, we rowed seventeen miles and camped on the east shore. We dispatched four men back to the Ottow village, and sent presents to the Ottos and Missouris, and requested them to join us at the Omaha village where a peace might be concluded between them.

August 8.—At two miles distance, we came to a part of the river where there was concealed timber difficult to pass. The wind was from the northwest, and we proceeded in safety. At six miles a river enters on the east side, called by the Sioux Eaneahwadepon, Stone river; by the French, Petite Riviere des Sioux, or Little Sioux river. At its confluence it is eighty yards wide. Our Sioux interpreter, Mr. Durion, who has been to the sources of it and knows the adjoining country, says that it rises within about nine miles of the river Des Moines. Two miles beyond Little Sioux river is a long island which we called Pelican island from the numbers of that bird feeding on it; one being killed, we poured into his bag five gallons of water. An elk was shot; snakes are rare in this part. A meridian altitude near the Little Sioux river made the latitude 41 degrees, 42 minutes, 34 seconds. We camped on the east side [Monona Co., Iowa.]

August 9.—A thick fog detained us until past 7 o'clock, after which we proceeded with a gentle breeze from the southeast. At $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles we reached a point of high land on the left, near which the river has forced a channel across a peninsula, leaving on the right a circuit of twelve or eighteen miles, which is recognized by the ponds and islands it contains. At seventeen and a half miles we reached a point on the east where we camped. The hills are at a great distance from the river for the last several days; the land on both sides is low, and covered with cottonwood and abundance of grape-vines. An elk was seen to-day, a turkey was shot, and near our camp is a beaver-den; mosquitoes more troublesome than ever the last two days.

August 10.—At $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles came to Coupee a Jacques, where the river has found a new bed and abridged a circuit of several miles; at $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles, to a cliff of yellow stone on the left, the first highland near the river above the Council-bluff. After passing a number of sand-bars we reached a willow island at the distance of $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which we were enabled to do with our oars and a wind from the southwest, and camped on the east side [Monona Co., Iowa.]

August 11.—At nearly five miles we halted on the west side for the purpose of examining a spot where Blackbird, one of the great chiefs of the Omahas was buried who died of smallpox about four years ago. A hill of yellow soft sandstone rises from the river in bluffs of various heights, till it ends in a knoll about 300 feet above the water; on the top a mound, twelve feet in diameter at the base, six feet high, is raised over the body; a pole about eight feet high is fixed in the center, on which we placed a white flag bordered with red, white and blue. Blackbird seems to have been a personage of great consideration; for since his death he has been supplied with provisions from time to time by the superstitions regard of the Omahas. We descended to the river and passed a small creek called Waucandipeeche (Bad Spirit). Near this creek the Omahas had a village and lost 400 of their nation by the malady which destroyed Blackbird. We camped in a bend of the river on the east side at 17 miles distance [near Badger Lake, Monona Co., Iowa]. The course of the river has been crooked; we observed a number of places where the old channel is filled up, or is becoming covered with willow and cottonwood. Great numbers of herrons are observed, and mosquitoes annoy us very much.

August 12.—Made 20¼ miles. A prairie wolf came near the bank and barked at us; we attempted unsuccessfully to take him. We camped on a sand-island in a bend ["apparently just over the border of Woodbury Co., Iowa."].

August 13.—Set out at daylight with a breeze from the southeast; came to a spot on the west side where, in 1795-6, J. Mackay had a trading establishment which he called Fort Charles. At 17¼ miles, formed a camp on a sand-bar to the west side of the river opposite the lower point of a large island. From this place detached Sergeant Ordway and four men to the Omaha village with a flag and a present to induce the Omahas to come and hold a council with us.

August 14.—Sergeant Ordway returned, having seen no tracks of Indians.

August 15.—The accounts of the effects of the smallpox on the Omahas are most distressing. They had been a military and powerful people, but when they saw their strength wasting before a malady they could not resist their frenzy was extreme; they burnt their village, and many put their wives and children to death, to save them from so cruel affliction, and that all might go together to some better country.

August 16-17.—We still waited for the Indians. In order to bring in any neighboring tribes we set the prairies on fire. This is the signal made by traders to apprise the Indians of their arrival; it is also used between different nations to indicate an event which they have previously agreed to announce in that way.

August 18.—The party sent on the 7th to the Ottos arrived with the Indians, consisting of Weahrushhah, or Little Thief, Shongotongo, or Big Horn, whom we had seen on the 3rd, with six other chiefs and a French interpreter. We met them under a shade and, after a repast with which we supplied them, inquired into the origin of the war between them and the Omahas, which they related with great frankness. It seems that two of the Missouris went to the the Omahas to steal horses, but were detected and killed; the Ottos and Missouris thought themselves bound to avenge their compan-

ions, and the whole nations were obliged to share in the dispute. They are also in fear of a war from the Pawnees whose village they entered this summer, while the inhabitants were hunting, and stole their corn. This ingenuous confession did not make us less desirous of negotiating a peace for them. But no Indians have as yet been attracted by our fire. The evening was closed by a dance.

August 19.—The chiefs and warriors being assembled at 10 o'clock, we renewed our advice. All replied in turn, and the presents were then distributed. The names of these warriors, besides those mentioned, were of the Missouri—Karkapaha or Crow's Head, Nenasawa or Black Cat; of the Ottoes—Sananona or Iron Eyes, Neswaunja or Big Ox, Stageaunja or Big Blue Eyes, Wasashaco or Brave Man. These people are almost naked, having no covering except a breech-cloth round the middle, with a loose blanket or buffalo robe painted thrown over them.

August 20.—The Indians mounted their horses and left us, having received a canister of whiskey at parting. We then set sail, and after passing two islands came to on the east side under some bluffs, the first near the river since we left the Ayauwa village [July 28].

Here we had the misfortune to lose one of our sergeants, Charles Floyd. He was yesterday seized with a bilious colic, and all our care and attention were ineffectual to relieve him. A little before his death he said to Captain Clark, "I am going to leave you;" his strength failed as he added, "I want you to write me a letter." He died with a composure which justified the high opinion we had formed of his firmness and good conduct. He was buried on the top of the bluff with the honors due to a brave soldier; the place of his interment was marked by a cedar post on which his name and the day of his death were inscribed. We gave his name to this place. About a mile beyond is a small river which we called Floyd's river where we camped.

August 21.—A breeze from the southeast carries us by a small willow creek (Perry creek) about a mile and half above Floyd's river. Here began a range of bluffs [site of Sioux City] which continued till near the mouth of the Great Sioux river. This river comes in from the north and is about a 110 yards wide. Our Sioux interpreter says that the Sioux river is navigable to the Falls, and beyond; that its sources are near those of the St. Peter's; that below the Falls a creek falls in from the east, after passing through cliffs of red rock, of which rock the Indians make their pipes. The necessity of procuring this article has introduced a sort of law of nations which makes the banks of the creek sacred, and gives hostile tribes a right of asylum at these quarries.

From the mouth of the Big Sioux north to latitude $43^{\circ} 30'$ that river constitutes the western boundary of Iowa. Lewis and Clark passed up the Missouri river, and on to the Pacific ocean. Upon their return two years afterwards they reached the mouth of the Big Sioux, September 4, 1806, and five days later they passed where is now the southwestern corner of Iowa. The following extracts cover this period:

September 4, 1806.—We stopped at noon near Floyd's bluff. On ascending the hill we found that the grave had been opened, and was half uncovered. We filled it up, and then continued down to our old camp near the Omaha village [Aug. 13-20, 1804].

September 5, 1806.—Passed Bluestone bluff [camp of Aug. 9, 1804], where the river leaves the high lands and meanders through a low, rich bottom, and at night camped, after making 73 miles.

September 6, 1806.—Near the Little Sioux river we met a trading boat belonging to Mr. August Chouteau, of St. Louis, with several men on their way to trade with the Yanktons at the Jacques river. We obtained from them a gallon of whiskey, and gave each of the party a dram, the first spirituous liquor any have tasted since the 4th of July, 1805. After remaining with them for some time we went on to a sand-bar, 30 miles from our last camp, where we passed the night.

Sunday, September 7, 1806.—A little above Soldier's river we stopped to dine on elk, of which we killed three, and at night, after making 44 miles, camped on a sand-bar, where we hoped in vain to escape mosquitoes.

September 8, 1806.—Stopped for a short time at the Council bluffs to examine the situation of the place; were confirmed in our belief that it would be a very eligible spot for a trading-establishment. Anxious to reach the Platte, we plied our oars so well that by night we had made 73 miles, and landed at our camp of July 22—26, 1804, twelve miles above the Platte. We had occasion to remark the wonderful evaporation from the Missouri, which does not appear to contain more water, nor its channel to be wider, than at 1000 miles nearer its source, though within that space it receives about twenty rivers, some of considerable width, and a great number of creeks.

September 9, 1806.—By 8 o'clock we passed the Platte; the current of the Missouri becomes more rapid, and the obstructions from fallen timber increase. The river-bottoms are extensive, rich, and covered with tall, large timber, which is still more abundant in the ravines. As we advance so rapidly, the change of climate is very perceptible, the air is more sultry, and the nights so warm that a thin blanket is sufficient, though a few days ago two were not burdensome. Late in the afternoon we camped opposite Baldpated prairie (northwest corner of Atchison Co., Mo.), after a journey of 73 miles.

RELICS OF GEN. JACKSON'S TIME.



AT NO time in the history of our country, if we except the revolutionary Whig and Tory period of 1775 to 1783, and the era of the Civil War from 1861 to 1865, have the animosities of the members of political parties been more bitter, their strifes more intense, or their contests fought with more determined

persistence, or their victories celebrated with more satisfaction and jubilant expression by the victors than during the time whose leading event was the veto by General Jackson of the bill passed by Congress in 1832 for the rechartering of the United States Bank. So elated were the enemies of the bank over the prospect of the final closing up of that financial institution that the leading men among them in New York City gave expression to joy over it by having the veto message printed and distributed on white satin and a failure to respond financially for this purpose by those in official position was regarded as a want of party fealty. This printing on satin was repeated in different parts of the state.

A copy of the message thus printed and issued as an extra by the *Cayuga Patriot* at Auburn, N. Y., has passed down into the hands of Dr. W. H. Dickinson, of Des Moines, who has presented it to the Historical Society and it is prized as one of its choicest historical relics. In size it is 18x24 inches, printed in ordinary sized newspaper type and columns and it is nearly as legible as if printed but a few days ago on good paper. It is in a frame under glass, and it occupies a conspicuous position in the room.

Another relic of General Jackson's time is an electioneering sheet, headed "Some of the Bloody Deeds of General Jackson." In its time it was known as "The Coffin Handbill." It is a sheet 12x20 inches, and has twenty-three coffins printed on its face, purporting to be the coffins of that number of persons who had been condemned to death by General Jackson. Most of them met death under sentence of courtmartial. It hangs in a frame on the wall.

Two other relics are a couple of ballots cast for General Jackson for president and Martin Van Buren for vice-president in Louisiana in 1832. On one there is in addition to the names of Jackson and Van Buren, and the five presidential electors, the picture of a live oak tree and this motto, "Honor and gratitude to the man who has filled the measure of his country's glory." On the other "Our country must and

shall be DEFENDED. We will enjoy our LIBERTY or PERISH in the last ditch."—*Jackson*.

These tickets were brought home by Sergeant Virgil Hartsock, of Co. F., 22d Iowa Infantry on his return from the war.

H. W. LATHROP.

The following literary gem was read by its author at a recent Anniversary of the Nineteenth Century Club, a literary organization of women, now in its eleventh year of existence. It is our hope to obtain other productions of like character for the RECORD.

EDITOR.

PROMETHEUS.

"The crone heaps up dry sticks and, at the blaze,
 Warms wrinkled hands. Children stretch tired limbs
 To the kind warmth. The greedy smith for gold
 Is forging chains. And happy lovers go
 Slow wandering, two and two, to fix the place
 Whereon shall stand, in nearing blissful time,
 Their household hearth.

Well, let them chain me now.

I conquered. I brought fire, blest boon, to these.
 I would not let Zēus see the hurt it gave
 To shut me here in this huge round of rocks
 With all my teeming plans void in my brain.
 I walked like bridegroom to his marriage rites,
 And leaned upon this stone. Hephaestos, though,
 Me pitied as he drove the shackles home.
 Know they, old crone, young child, love and smith,
 Whence came this comfort of life's deadly ill,
 This helper of life's gain? Sometimes, perchance,
 They say, 'Prometheus brought us fire, and then
 He disappeared.' Perchance 'tis asked by one
 Some slight degree more moved, 'And when, and how?'
 But no one knows.
 I do not often groan or cry aloud,
 But sometimes, when Zeus' dreadful bird, more fierce,
 Tears deeper in, I groan, and then they say—
 Those strong, whole-bodied ones down on the plain,
 'The thunder rolls on Caucasus to-night.'
 Sometimes I sigh—could I but bend my knees!

And then, "Dost hear the wind wail through the pines?"
 So on. The strong right arm of Herakles
 I wait. But this—this wrings my heart, that when
 Set free, at last, by Io's mighty son,
 I shall by all men be forgotten quite."

I read old Aeschylus one summer day.
 Prometheus' woes pressed on me; saddest this
 Of all I deemed that, one should do for men
 A blessed deed, and then that men should live
 Unmindful, caring not—the most—to know
 Who did them weal.
 And thinking thus that summer day, to me
 The sighing wind across the waste of time
 Wafted his sigh to know himself forgot.

CELIA A. M. CURRIER.

A NEW IOWA BOOK.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, IOWA'S WAR
 GOVERNOR. BY HON. H. W. LATHROP.



THE writing of biography is never an easy task. A warm personal friend of the man whose life he portrays needs to hold a constant rein upon inclination. An enemy will surely betray prejudice. A stranger, who can learn only from materials furnished by others or from utterances of the man himself, may be the fairest biographer, if he knows enough of the environment of his subject to make wise choice of material. Autobiography is supposed to be the fairest presentation of what the man would choose to have said about himself for the benefit of posterity, but posterity may not always share in the estimate the writer has put upon himself.

Biography should be history. History is best written after those who made it have passed away and all prejudices have been allayed. Much that may appear important to active participants will become trivial in after years.

The biography of most men is of necessity brief. But when a man has for a generation occupied a prominent position, the record of his life must be culled from a mass of material, every item of which may be important in some connection but must be cut down or omitted in some cases, that the book may be within the reach of those for whose benefit it is designed and may be within readable compass.

Biographies for the reading public are in these busy days necessarily brief.

As to the structure of biographies, one prominent characteristic of the subject may be selected, and events of the life displaying that characteristic will be properly arranged in chronological order.

If the man be many sided the grouping of facts touching his life are best presented topically. This latter statement is true also if the subject of the biography has in different environment displayed his varied characteristics—each prominent as circumstances determined.

In the work before us, Mr. Lathrop has presented chiefly that side of Governor Kirkwood's life which was turned to public view and admiration during the stirring times of our civil war, and in the midst of the events to which the civil war gave prominence, as those once in rebellion return to their allegiance.

He has properly presented Governor Kirkwood's attitude toward American slavery, and has brought forward the first state paper which advocated its extinction in an inaugural message following the removal of General Fremont.

The book reviewed is written by a warm personal friend of Governor Kirkwood. It is also in an important sense, an auto-biography, as the work has passed under the critical eye of the governor who is still a townsman of the author. This fact, which in many cases would make the task a most delicate one, has served an excellent purpose, since the modesty and the sterling common sense of the living subject have been a constant check upon the inclination of the friendly

author. The reader may therefore be sure that his attention is not called to words of flattery or of overpraise.

The governor is presented largely in his own letters, addresses and messages, to the publication of which he gives his sanction.

The title "Iowa's War Governor" indicates the setting of the gems selected.

His times called out the sterling worth of Governor Kirkwood. A man of the people, honest and earnest, wonderfully gifted in his power to present his opinions in clear phrase with the light of apt illustration shining through at the most vital points, showing his sincerity in every word he uttered Governor Kirkwood is worthy the tribute paid to him in the work of Mr. Lathrop.

A lover of the Union as he had loved it from his boyhood ---and with the heart-love he bore and still bears to Iowa, he set himself like a rock against every wave of disloyalty, acted promptly and vigorously to shield Iowa from the semblance of a half-hearted support of the Union, spared no pains to secure for Iowa volunteers proper recognition, and has missed no opportunity to maintain the rights Iowa's volunteer soldiery have earned for themselves.

Every reader of the book must admire the sagacity and the firmness of the man who answering the call of the government for troops still made ample provision for the protection of Iowa's southern border from rebel invasion and her western border from savage attacks by excited Indian tribes. No other "War Governor" had like responsibilities.

From his treatment of the "Coppoc Case" in Virginia, to the outbreak of the "Tally War" in Iowa, Governor Kirkwood showed remarkable firmness coupled with great legal acumen.

His comprehension of great public questions was so clear and his ability to state his convictions so marked, as to win for him attention accorded to but few men, when as Governor, Senator, Secretary, or as political canvasser, he made public addresses.

The book as has been intimated is largely autobiographical.

Every lover of his state should read the book which tells what was done for her in most trying times through the personal effort and the personal influence of Samuel J. Kirkwood.

The book is published by the author and may be obtained upon application to H. W. Lathrop, Iowa City. Price, \$3.50.

J. L. PICKARD.

THEN AND NOW.



SOME years before the great civil war, on a pleasant day in May, a young printer and his wife landed in a new Iowa town, where they were to start a little newspaper. While waiting for the completion of an elm and basswood house in which they were to live, the pair took lodgings at one of the two hotels. The landlord had just put on "a heap of style," as he regarded it, by bringing in overland—one hundred and sixty miles, by stage—a very skillful colored cook—"William," as the boarders at once learned to call him. Now, William was not only well up in his "profession"—could cook meat and vegetables "fit for a king," while his bread, biscuits, puddings and pies were very near, if not altogether faultless—but he was amiable, kind, and pleasant to everybody. This was not due to a lively expectation of "tips," for the "tip" was then scarcely known throughout all our broad land, and by no means in a little frontier Iowa hamlet. The fact of the matter is, that William was "a born gentleman," competent for his work, genial, kind and true, respected and trusted implicitly by every body who knew him. He was

"a man for a' that, and a' that,"

and was getting along very nicely. But one day the bright little lady boarder was sitting at the window in her corner room, on the second floor, when this is what occurred: Wil-

William was in the back yard cutting and splitting wood, like the always industrious worker that he was. Just then, a white man somewhat under the influence of "sod-corn" whiskey, came down the prairie-grassed street on horseback. Seeing the man of color, he exclaimed, "Well, what have we got here? Why, as sure as the world, a —— nigger! Say, you —— black rascal, what in —— are you here for?"—and he rode close up to the yard fence.

William, taken all aback, was evidently alarmed. He stopped work and put his axe on his shoulder, quietly replying, "I'se de cook ob dis yere hotel, Massa." "Well, you'll git out of this town! Blank county ain't big enough to hold me and any —— nigger! You'll leave *now*! Start your boots!" Saying this, he dismounted, hitched his horse and passed through the little gate into the yard. William was quite dumbfounded, not knowing what to say or do. That was in the days of slavery through all the South, when a colored man had very few rights which rough, unfeeling white men cared to respect even in a free state.

Just then, the landlord, hearing the loud, profane language, came to the back door. William still stood with his axe on his shoulder, and the drunken fellow at once most falsely asserted that the cook had "drawn" the implement to strike *him*! This William denied, and vainly attempted to explain that he was chopping wood, when the white fellow came along and began his abusive talk. But the landlord was a person of altogether base, low instincts, wholly lacking the manliness to take the part of his faithful, *sober* servant. He spoke up at once in an angry manner—"William, go right into the house and mind your —— business!"

The colored man therefore dropped his axe and disappeared through the door, while the landlord instead of righteously taking a club to the drunken disturber of the peace, plied his smooth tongue in a useless effort to reconcile him to *letting* "the nigger" remain to do the cooking.

William did not stay long in that town, where he was lia-

ble to be thus brutally interrupted while performing honest labor. He long ago disappeared among the nameless, forgotten millions. The pioneer landlord and his wife have been dead for a quarter of a century. The little woman whose blood boiled as she heard and saw this hitherto unwritten episode in pioneer Iowa history, is no longer in the land of the living. The individual, however, who thought Blank county was too small an abiding place for himself and a quiet, praiseworthy colored man, "still lives," sobered and dignified, in green old age. He has changed his politics several times, and has long been a member in excellent standing of one of the popular churches. His mental obfuscation at the time he essayed to drive a man out of the town and county on account of his color, would no doubt render his memory somewhat misty touching that event; but it is to be hoped that he is now actuated by a broader charity, and that he has atoned for his old-time, most wicked and unchristian intolerance. But strange as it may appear in this last decade of the century, less than forty years ago there was many a place even in our great free state, where just such incidents might have transpired, and been allowed to pass with no rebuke—except to the helpless and unoffending colored person. People who were born not more than thirty years ago can scarcely believe such a state of things to have been possible. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* How times change, and how men change with them!

WILDS OF WESTERN IOWA.

BY REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS.

CANTO I.

Thy ever reaching fields, charmingly grand
I ravished view, and with a trembling hand,
Seizing my slumb'ring Lyre its humble strains
Waken; and quick, while o'er my spirit reigns
This magic spell, and all my feelings seem
In harmony, I make thy charms my theme.

Distrustful of myself, how much I fear
 A lack of skill! but while my Muse is near,
 To tune my harp, to guide my hand and fling
 Her own inspired notes on Music's airy wing,
 Which now, a pent-up fire within my soul,
 Groans to be free, I'll bid the numbers roll.

The man of selfish mood, though great in lore,
 Who looking so superficially o'er
 The rest of nature, sees no charms at all,
 Sees nothing here in thee; yea and will call
 Thee a gloomy, desolate wild, and haste
 Himself away as from some lonely waste,
 Some desert place, dreary, barren and dry,
 Where dread simoons are fiercely sweeping by.
 But firmly now thy fascinating charms
 Hold me, as some fond lover holds in arms
 His maid, and as the captive one, meanwhile
 Her face aglow with mingled blush and smile,
 Betrays the love she scarcely dare make known,
 So now thy captivating power I own.

But seldom sung has been thy worthy name,
 For little known has been thy hidden fame,
 Save by the savage tribes who dearly loved,
 While o'er thy bright elysian fields they roved,
 In head-long chase or wild nomadic tour,
 (Free as the air they breathed) to drink thy pure,
 Romantic beauties in.

Ah well they knew,
 Though wild themselves, and sometimes cruel too,
 Thy charms; and much they grieved to leave behind
 Their native plains, in distant fields to find
 A future and uncertain dwelling-place,
 And yield these charms to men of paler face.

How oft, while pensively I wend along
 Over thy vast domain, a mingled throng
 Of images and strange conjectures roll
 Through all the hidden chambers of my soul;
 And oft, involuntarily, I've thought,
 Did God give thee this form, when He from naught
 Commanded all the Universe? or has
 Some mighty freak of wild Old Nature, as
 By magic art she tried her skillful hand,
 Since vast creation's dawn, changed all this land
 From ruder state to all the charming grace

Which rests serenely on thy smiling face?
 While thus I've mused, as often have I said,
 "Sure this was once the proud Old Ocean's bed.
 At length her billows, starting as by fear,
 Grandly receding left their impress here."

And oft when wandering out at evening time,
 And in the west the restless sun, sublime,
 Was hiding fast his gloriously bright
 And wondrous form, and lingering floods of light
 Fell o'er the earth, while here and there were seen
 Behind eclipsing hills, in each ravine
 And shallow place, shadows to fall,
 Like wide-strewn fragments of a tattered pall;
 While hills and mounds all luminous were made,
 Causing a mingled view of light and shade,
 I've said, "How emblematic this of human life,
 With all its quiet and its fearful strife
 That ends in victory, its toil and rest,
 Afflictions which convulse the throbbing breast,
 And that most holy calm which afterward
 Comes o'er the soul, while sweet a voice is heard
 Exclaiming, 'Peace! Be still!' and even when
 At length the last great struggle comes, ah! then
 To feel that we can say, 'No evil will
 I know or fear, for Thou art with me still,'
 And more, 'Thy rod and staff they comfort me.
 And now, O Grave where is thy victory?
 O Death where is thy sting?"

[This is the light
 And shade of mortal life, its day and night;
 And thus 'tis seen that this our world, to those
 Alone who make it so hath fears and woes
 Of constant stay—anticipated grief,
 Or real ill from which there's no relief;
 For hath not Inspiration said aright,
 "To righteous men, arising, comes a light
 In darkness?" then all at once their fears have fled,
 And having nothing now that they can dread,
 By faith's great light, cheerful they look above,
 And then beyond, and feel a warmer love
 For Him whose people must be tried, a trust
 More strong in Him whose ways are ever just.
 They feel a purer heart, the silver tried,
 Evil o'ercome, afflictions sanctified;
 They have a brighter and happier soul,

The darkness flees, and quickly o'er them roll
Bright beaming waves of bliss; and when shall fall
The gloom of death, a light transcending all
Bursts forth, refulgent—eternal—Ah! See!
It is the light of Immortality.

IOWA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

TO Miss Delia Hutchinson who for three months and more had charge of the registry desk in the Iowa building THE RECORD is indebted for the following facts:

The Iowa building was the most favorably located of all the State buildings and was the most attractive by reason of its interior decorations all made of cereals and grasses—the products of the State. Similar decorations were found in Iowa's pavilion in the agricultural hall.

In the educational exhibit in which Iowa's record for literacy would lead one to expect special features of excellence there was a great lack of general presentation, resulting as is said from the State's meagre appropriation. The long continued uncertainty as to opportunity for display of educational work prevented teachers from supplying the State's deficiency from private funds. The Iowa Register contains over 60,000 names of which number not less than 50,000 are names of residents of the State.

No special exercises were held in the building except in observance of dedication of the building October 22, 1892—of the opening of the building May 1, 1893, and of press day August 4th, 1893.

Upon the first occasion the program consisted of a prayer by Rev. Dr. Green, of Cedar Rapids.

Presentation to the Governor by Hon. J. O. Crosby, president of Iowa commission. Reception address and tender to the United States commission by Governor Boies.

Response of Director General Davis. Poem written by Maj. S. H. M. Byers read by Mrs. Lucia Gale Barber. Oration by Hon. E. P. Seeds.

Music throughout the exercises was rendered by Phinney's Iowa State Band. The "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by Mrs. Norton, the audience joining in the chorus with band accompanying. Exercises closed with doxology and benediction.

Upon the second occasion after a brief address by President Crosby, of the Iowa commission, Hon. W. M. McFarland, Secretary of State, made the formal opening address.

Upon the third occasion Hon. J. W. Jarnagin, of Montezuma, commissioner of the sixth district, delivered an address of welcome, responded to by Hon. Lafayette Young, of Des Moines, president of the Iowa Press Association.

EARLY IOWA POLITICS.*



IOWA as a territory, and the first eight years of her statehood, was rock-rootedly Democratic. At the expiration of that time the birth of the new "Republican" party, which took the place of the old Whig party (of which Henry Clay had always been the prominent type), the Kansas-Nebraska agitation, the nomination by the Democratic party of an exceedingly weak ticket, and by the Republicans of a very strong one, resulted in the complete overthrow of Democracy in the state, and the election of James W. Grimes, of Burlington, as governor.

Gov. Grimes had many advantages. He had served several terms in the legislature, stood with the foremost at the Iowa bar, was a good debater and very much in earnest and conscientious in his advocacy and defense of the tenets of the new party, and was, in fact, one of the brainiest and solidest

*"Old Settler" in Dubuque Herald.

men that has ever represented his party in the State. Later he was elected United States Senator, and in that capacity voted against the impeachment of President Johnson.

The Democratic convention which nominated a candidate for governor at that election, came together without any settled policy as to a candidate. Several very good men were brought forward, but none of them succeeded in getting a nomination. Finally, and as a last resort, and mainly to beat "the other fellows," the convention tumbled over to and nominated Curtis Bates, of Des Moines.

Mr. Bates, though negatively a good man, had no physical or mental force, and made no canvass, or but a very inefficient one, and though often challenged by his aggressive competitor to a joint debate, always and persistently declined meeting that gentleman on the stump. A few appointments were made for him which he filled as best he could, with Mr. Grimes following closely after him. Finally, it is said that Bates having an appointment to "lecture" at Cedar Rapids one evening, learned at supper time that Grimes had caught up with him, was in town, and in fact was going to follow him in speaking, when he hurriedly skipped the town. Poor Bates! He was a good fellow and no one blamed him.

The convention had imposed upon him without his knowledge or consent, a task for which he had no liking, and to which he was not adapted. But I have inadvertently gone away ahead of the hounds.

The first governor, a Democrat, was Ansel Briggs, of Jackson county. He was a good man, of good common sense, conservative and honest, and gave the State a good administration. With him Elisha Cutler, of Van Buren county, was elected Secretary of State; Joseph T. Fales, of Des Moines county, Auditor of State, and Morgan Reno, of Johnson county, Treasurer. The governor, under the first constitution of the State, served four years; the State officers then, as now, for two years.

At the end of the first biennial period the Democrats nomi-

nated and elected Josiah H. Bonney, of Van Buren county, Secretary of State, and Fales and Reno to succeed themselves as Auditor and Treasurer.

The "silk stocking" Whigs of that day said that Briggs was only a "stage driver." Well, he had been a stage driver, and showed his skill at driving four-in-hand by "getting there" in good shape.

When the end of the Briggs administration was approaching, the Democrats met in convention, the largest which up to that time had ever been held in the State, to nominate a successor and other State officers. A protracted contest ensued, Edward Johnstone, of Lee county, having the lead for ten or more ballotings, with Stephen Hempstead, of Dubuque county, a good second.

At this stage a comparatively new arrival from Ohio, known as "Delusion" Smith was brought forward and, developing considerable strength on two or three ballotings, Mr. Johnstone withdrew from the contest, and Mr. Hempstead was nominated with a rush. The ticket was completed by the nomination of George W. McCleary, of Louisa county, for Secretary; William Pattee, of Lee county, for Auditor; and Israel Riester, of the "Hairy Nation," as Davis county was then called, for Treasurer, all of whom were subsequently elected.

Meanwhile the Whig party held their convention and nominated James Harlan, who has since been a United States Senator and Secretary of the Interior under President Lincoln, for governor. A short time before the election it was discovered that Mr. Harlan would lack a few days, not a month, of the age required by the constitution, for governor. He was consequently dropped and James L. Thompson, a local Methodist preacher of Johnson county, substituted in his place. I do not remember the balance of the ticket, except that the venerable W. H. Seevers, of Mahaska county, late an honored member of the Supreme Court of the State, was nominated for Auditor against Mr. Pattee.

At the next election, occurring at the middle of the Hempstead administration, Mr. McCleary and Mr. Pattee succeeded themselves as Secretary and Auditor respectively.

And this was the last State election carried by the Democratic party of Iowa until the triumphant election of Governor Boies in 1889. Hempstead was the last Democratic governor. Glorious old "Steve!" An honest, square man, a scholar and a statesman! A most genial, dignified and courteous gentleman. Peace to his ashes.

Of these two governors, and the State officers of the eight years of the Democratic regime, and who succeeded so well in laying broad and deep the foundations of Iowa's subsequent greatness, all have died.

The first State legislature of Iowa met in December, 1848, Gen. Brown, of Lee county, an old army veteran, became speaker of the house, and Thomas Hughes was elected president of the Senate. There was no lieutenant-governor then. Leaving out the Senator and three Representatives of Lee county, the Whigs and Democrats were equal in numbers. The Lee county men were known as "possum" Democrats, representing the "settlers" as against the "decree" in regard to land titles on the half-breed tract in their county.

On election in joint session they held the balance of power. They wanted to vote for a Democrat for United Senator Senator, but it must be one of their own choosing. This was Jonathan McCarty, an Indiana man of ability.

After several attempts, day after day, to elect a Senator, without success, the Whigs made a deal with the possums, the terms of which were that they, the Whigs, would at the next meeting all vote for McCarty (all but two or three, who were conveniently absent). Next day a vote was taken for Senator, and when the vote was nearly through, McCarty wanting but one vote to elect him, the absent Whigs came in just in time, had their names called, and all voted for some other man. The possums were mad, the joint convention broke up in a row, never met again and Iowa was not repre-

sented in the United State Senate during the next two years of its statehood.

The following story leaked out during the last days of that legislature: The Senate, being the first, had to be classified half of them to hold two years and half for four years. A committee was appointed, of which the Senator from High Henry, a Whig, was chairman, to prepare the ballots, "long term," "short term," and arrange for the drawing, which was to take place after dinner. At that time people used black sand on their writing instead of a paper blotter, so Mr. Chairman wrote "long term" and sanded it very heavily, and "short term" very lightly or without sand, putting his Whig friends "onto" the game before the drawing, and passing the hat on their side first. All but one or two Whigs got long terms, while the guileless Democrats were cut off in their youth. Verily, something was known of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain before the coming of the "heathen Chinese" to this country.

DEATHS.

GEORGE C. BAKER, formerly of Des Moines, Iowa, died March 24th, 1894, in Washington, D. C., aged fifty years. He was the inventor of a submarine torpedo boat, for the purchase of which Congress at its last session made an appropriation of \$250,000. His remains were interred at Des Moines.

REV. E. D. NEILL, for many years secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society and a professor in McAllester College, St. Paul, died at his home in St. Paul last December at the age of seventy-five years. He had been the life of the historical work which was done in Minnesota during his time.

CAPT. M. W. ATWOOD died at his home in Newton, Iowa, March 28th, 1894. During the civil war he commanded Company K, of the 28th Iowa, and made for himself a rec-

ord of patriotism and gallantry. Subsequently he represented Jasper county in the lower house of the legislature, besides filling various minor places of public trust.

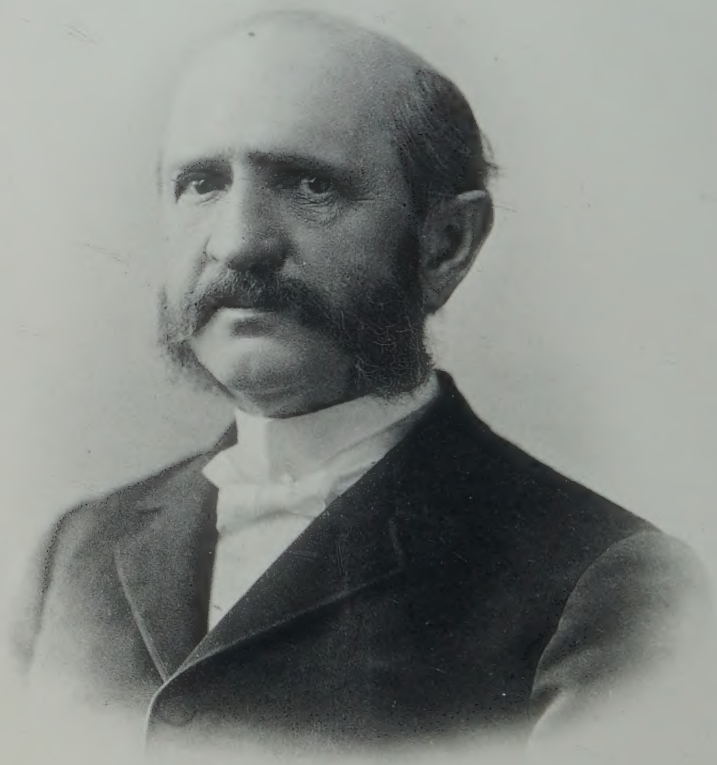
HON. J. W. McDILL died at his home in Creston, March 1, 1894, aged almost sixty years, having been born March 4, 1834, at Monroe, Butler county, Ohio. While a young man he removed to Union county, Iowa, entering the profession of law. In 1868 he was elected Circuit Judge, and in 1870, before the expiration of his term as judge, was elected to Congress. He was appointed a member of the first board of Railroad Commissioners for Iowa. When Governor Kirkwood resigned his seat in the U. S. Senate to accept one in President Garfield's cabinet in 1881, McDill was elected to fill out his term, and on the expiration of his term as Senator he was reappointed Railroad Commissioner. At Miami University, Ohio, he was a collegian with Benjamin Harrison, who while president appointed him U. S. Interstate Commerce Commissioner, which office he was holding at the time of his death. He was the author of a paper which appeared in the October number of THE HISTORICAL RECORD for 1891, entitled "The Making of Iowa," which attracted attention and elicited discussion.

BENTON J. HALL, born in Ohio, but a resident of Iowa since his early childhood, died at his home in Burlington, January 5th, 1894, aged fifty-nine years. He was the only son of the late J. C. Hall, of the Iowa Supreme Court, and the nephew of the late Augustus Hall, one of the early members of Congress from Iowa, representing the Second District when Iowa was divided into two districts. He (Benton J. Hall) was a member of the lower House of the Thirteenth, and of the Senate in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth General Assemblies, and was elected a member of the House of Representatives in Congress in 1884. He was Commissioner of Patents during President Cleveland's first administration. Besides being eminent at the bar and in politics Mr. Hall had a bent for geological science and for literature. It is note-

worthy that the office of Commissioner of Patents after having been laid down by the late Hon. Charles Mason in 1857, after a lapse of twenty-eight years, should again go to a citizen of Burlington. Forty years ago, just before the "Know Nothing" and anti-slavery upheaval in the State politics of August, 1854, the brothers Hall above referred to, with A. C. Dodge, mainly controlled the Federal and State patronage of the southern half of Iowa, and the mantle of their influence fell upon the son and nephew, who, had he lived, would have filled the measure of their stature.

NOTES.

WE welcome to our corps of goodly assistants four new contributors: Hon. J. W. Rich, librarian of the State University, whose biographical sketch of John S. Tilford, the founder of Vinton, formed the first article; Miss Elizabeth H. Avery, of Hampton, whose industrious research, just criticism and pleasing style, gave to her paper "Some Fragments of Iowa History" composing the second article of the January number, more than ordinary interest; Mrs. Emma Humphrey Haddock, wife of the Hon. W. J. Haddock, Secretary of the Board of Regents of the State University, who has the distinction of being the first lady admitted to practice in the Federal courts in Iowa, whose touching sketch of the brief life of her heroic sister, Mrs. Lucinda Humphrey Hay, appears as the first article of this number, and Mrs. Celia A. M. Currier, wife of Prof. A. N. Currier, dean of the Academic Department of the University, whose classic verse also graces this issue. We hope the papers mentioned are not to be the last as well as the first we shall be able to present from the authors named, but that from time to time we shall have more from these valued sources.



Yours very sincerely
Wm. Hammond
